

THE REAL ROMANCE OF A POOR SOUBRETTE WHO MARRIED THE RICHEST MINER IN THE KLONDIKE



VIOLET RAYMOND
BURLESQUE BEAUTY OF
DAWSON CITY.



ANTONE STANDER
KLONDIKE MILLIONAIRE.

THE MAN WHO BUNCOED HOOLEY.

ERNEST TERAH HOOLEY, London's quick and great money maker, buncoed the English people; the peers of Great Britain buncoed Hooley. Here is the story of the archbuncoer of the whole lot, Broadley—the notorious Broadley Pasha, who buncoed Hooley as well as the peers and everybody else.

Terrible has been the downfall of Hooley. A few months ago he was regarded as the Napoleon of finance, a wizard whose very touch was sufficient to turn everything into gold, as a man whose genius in money matters surpassed that even of the Rothschilds. To-day the idol is completely shattered. Not only have his millions vanished, but he stands before the public as the victim of a gang of titled birds of prey and noble blackmailers, who under one pretence and another have extorted enormous sums of money from him, and, above all, as the silly dupe of one of the most clever scoundrels of the age, who has now fled the country, carrying with him treasure estimated at thirty or forty millions of dollars realized, through his association with Hooley.

Only a few people have until now been aware that for more than two years past Hooley has had as his chief adviser and confident an individual of the name of Broadley, a lawyer by profession, and whose reasons for keeping entirely in the background were due not only to the fact that he was in that way able to exercise a greater degree of influence upon Hooley, but likewise because he was in fear of the police, who on more than one occasion have driven him out of England and into exile. For Broadley is an outcast, a man of the very worst antecedents, entirely devoid of scruple, and who has but two objects in life—namely, the amassing of money and the revenging himself upon those whom he regards as responsible for the social ostracism to which he has very justly been subjected.

Broadley is probably the only man who will have reaped any permanent advantage out of the so-called Hooley companies. According to the bankruptcy laws of Great Britain the Earls of Delaware, of Albemarle, of Winchester, and the other noblemen who are on record as having received thousands of pounds for the use of their names as directors of the Hooley enterprises with the object of serving as decoys to bona-fide investors, will be compelled to refund to the official receiver their ill-gotten gain, and as they are mostly men of property and possessed of landed estates there will be no difficulty about bringing them within the reach of the law.

But with Broadley it is different. According to the cable dispatches he has prudently taken to flight, carrying his booty with him; and as he has nothing to detain him in the United Kingdom, but on the contrary much to keep him beyond its borders, it is practically certain that he will not only avoid punishment, but be

able to enjoy undisturbed the vast amounts of money which he has derived from the association with his dupe, Ernest Terah Hooley.

A curious feature in connection with the bankruptcy proceedings of Hooley is the manifest effort on the part of the ex-millionaire, as well as his lawyer, to shield Broadley. According to Hooley's testimony, one would gather that Broadley's profits had been restricted to \$100,000 or so, which he is alleged to have received on the plea of working the London press in behalf of his friend. But it requires a slight effort of memory to recall the fact that in the promotion and transformation of the Borell Company, the Dunlop Tire Company and the Schweppes Company, Broadley benefited to identically the same extent as Hooley, as the books will eventually show. Indeed, at the time of the reconstruction of the Borell Company, the London Saturday Review, in a clever financial article, called attention to the fact that there were two people who had made each of them over a million sterling through the scheme, and that they were Hooley himself, and a gentleman of the name of Broadley, in whom none of the few who read that article appeared to recognize the notorious Broadley Pasha.

Broadley is a man of the most infamous character, who was turned out of the Government service in India, in which he held a high legal appointment, in consequence of his appalling immorality. His reputa-

tion was such that, finding it impossible to live in England, he settled down as a lawyer in Tunis, where, when the war with France broke out, he offered his services as correspondent to the London Times. These were accepted in ignorance of his antecedents. His knowledge of Mohammedan law acquired in India and in Tunis led Wilfrid Blunt, married to the granddaughter of the poet Byron, to engage his services as counsel for his friend, Arabi Pasha, when the latter was placed on trial at Cairo for his leadership of the great Egyptian insurrection of 1882 that culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria and in the battle of Tel El Khar. Touching on his way from Tunis to Egypt, he was invited, as are nearly all tourists, to the English club there, he was recognized by people who knew of his Indian career, and indignantly expelled. In Egypt he was tabooed by the European clubs at Alexandria and at Cairo, although the moral tone among Europeans of the land of the Nile is not high, while the other lawyers associated with him in the defence of Arabi were received everywhere with open arms.

After the trial was over he returned to England in the capacity of the confidential agent and legal adviser of that arch-schemer ex-Khedive Ismail, and likewise ingratiated himself to such an extent with the late Edmund Yates that the latter entrusted him with the duties of managing editor of his paper, the London World. Broadley took advantage of this to worm

himself into society as a recorder of doings, and peeresses of the realm, duchesses and many of the most exclusive leaders of London fashion attended his musicales in Regent Park. It was there, by the way, that General Boulanger made his debut in London, and it is through Broadley that the French General was led to engage as secretary the man Owen Callan, now in prison at Tangier on a charge of attempting to murder his most recent employer, a Mr. Birkin, for the sake of his insurance money, and who turns out to be an ex-convict.

Broadley thereupon commenced to branch out as a promoter, and was the principal organizer of the disastrous Canadian Meat Company. It was at the moment when the latter was floated that Vanity Fair, one of the leading society rappers, after having just the previous week published a portrait of the late Duke of Clarence, took upon itself to print a picture of Broadley. This was too much for the Prince of Wales, who knew all about the man. He at once, in his capacity as the arbiter of London society, addressed a most indignant remonstrance to the proprietor of Vanity Fair, and likewise set the police in motion in connection with the offences which had led to Broadley's dismissal from the English Civil Service. The result was that Broadley was warned by the authorities to leave London without delay, and the following week Vanity Fair published an abject apology to its readers for having published Broadley's portrait, while Edmund Yates, in the columns of the London World, besought his readers to believe that he had no conception of the "bad antecedents" of his

managing editor.

For five years "The Pasha," as he is styled by his associates, resided abroad, a conspicuous figure of that ignoble colony of outcasts who live on the Continent, about two years ago he retired quietly to London, and keeping himself as far as possible out of the public eye, became the guiding spirit, chief adviser and associate of Ernest Terah Hooley, being the real organizer, as well as the moving spirit of all the Hooley enterprises. Nor was it until last week, when the attention of the general public was once more called to the man through the mention of his name in the bankruptcy court, that the police seemed to have become aware that this fugitive from justice and social pariah was once more in the United Kingdom. His flight across the Channel at once followed.

But while he has managed to get away with spoils to the extent of several million pounds sterling, he has left behind him a trail of financial and social ruin. For the revelations in the Hooley bankruptcy case, proves that not only have peers sold their names to rotten concerns organized for the purpose of defrauding the public, but have likewise been guilty of cheating one another in their dealings with Hooley. Indeed, there has not been so disgraceful a scandal in the highest ranks of English society since the horrible Cleveland street affair of eight years ago, which, by a strange coincidence Broadley is reported to have engineered in its revelations, as the Hooley affair. This leads to the belief that gain of money has not been the only incentive with him, but likewise per-

sonal vengeance for the well-merited social persecution to which he has been subjected. In the Cleveland street affair, as well as in the present Hooley scandal, some of the names of the grandest houses were besmirched, the heads of which, curiously enough, were the very people who drove Broadley out of London society some ten years ago.

Against no one does Broadley cherish a greater desire of vengeance than against the Prince of Wales. And it may be remembered that whereas the name of the Prince's eldest son was implicated in a most shamefully unjustifiable fashion in the Cleveland street affair, the Prince's own name is more or less concerned in the Hooley episode, as Hooley was a guest of the Prince at Sandringham last Spring, dined with the Princess of Wales and her daughters, and although insolvent at the time, spent nearly \$100,000 in buying horses from the Prince—that, indeed, being the purpose for which he was invited.

It remains to be seen whether there is any truth in the rumors current in London to the effect that the heir apparent benefited to any extent through the promotion of the Hooley companies, as it was generally reported last Spring that his Royal Highness had been "put in" for several "good things" by Hooley.

If the evidence in the bankruptcy case now in progress can bring this to light, then the vengeance of Broadley will be complete, and he will be able to live happily in the assurance that he has got even with the arbiters of that London society which had thrust him from its doors.

A BRILLIANT NECKLACE OF
THE DIAMONDS IN DAWSON CIT.
WAS THE BRIDEGROOM'S
TRIFLING GIFT
AND SHE CAME BACK HOME WITH
HER TRUNK FULL OF
GOLD NUGGETS.



HIS is the most romantic story of love and fortune that has come out of the Klondike. It is the romance of a pretty actress, the reigning queen in Dawson City, and the richest man of that Eldorado.

In their courtship is an incident that will make Violet Raymond and Antone Stander forever famous.

A year ago in Dawson City, when the lover was wooing his coy soubrette sweetheart, he hit upon a brilliant scheme to distance all his rivals.

He made the rounds of Dawson City and bought up every diamond in the town.

Wrapping them up in a handkerchief he waited his chance, and when the favorable moment came in the playhouse where Violet Raymond was the reigning queen, he showered the gems down upon her head and shoulders as she stood upon the stage in her prettiest pose.

That settled the question. She kissed him on the spot. The audience went wild. Accustomed as the miners were to the sight of wealth, this was a display that fairly dazzled them. It surpassed the wildest romances of California and made a world's record for boldness and dash.

Violet Raymond speedily attached Stander to the end of her name, and she is now the richest and prettiest woman of the Klondike. She has just reached San Francisco with an iron box packed full of gold, amounting to \$100,000. Besides this she is wearing a necklace made of the \$75,000 worth of diamonds that her lover showered upon her.

Violet Raymond was known in vaudeville fame as one of the Raymond Sisters on the Pacific coast, who for several seasons have delighted thousands with their sweet faces, graceful dancing and perfect acting.

Miss Violet Raymond three years ago accepted an engagement in Juneau, Alaska, where she was a great favorite, and broke all records in the Juneau Opera House by holding her engagement for two years. At the expiration of that time she was engaged at an enormous salary as the leading attraction in a big opera company then en route for Dawson.

At that time only a few women had undertaken to cross the perilous Chilkoot Pass. Early in the Spring of '97 Miss Raymond, in company with a dozen other performers, in a big scow began the descent of the river amid his floating icebergs that threatened to wreck the frail craft at every turn. At Windy Arm, when a high sea was rolling and strong men paled before the mighty storm, Miss Raymond sat as cool and composed as if in a comfortable arm chair in some quiet parlor.

She shot the White Horse Rapids, a raging torrent, where hundreds of brave prospectors had lost their lives, without betraying the least sign of fear. Some one has said that "fortune favors the brave." Such is the case of this fearless little actress. She made her debut in Dawson among a shower of nuggets and a storm of applause. Then Antone Stander fell in love with her charming manners, and even his suit with as dramatic effect in the diamond scene as was ever presented in melodrama.

Antone Stander, the winner of the queen of the gold regions, is a former partner of Clarence Berry, who last year became widely known as one of the discoverers of the Klondike. While Berry was winning fame last season by coming back to "the States" with his gold and stories of wealth in the far North, his partner, Antone Stander was steadily gathering up the precious metal from river beds, and is now regarded by many as even richer than Berry.

Berry was the owner of claim No. 40 above Discovery on Bonanza Creek, then supposed to be of little value, and Mr. Stander proposed to trade a half interest in his Eldorado claim for a half of the Bonanza claim, provided that Berry would "stand good" at the store for a small outfit. This proposition was accepted, and the rapid development of Eldorado from that time on is a matter of history.

The first boat that went down the river that Summer carried away Mr. Stander's four former companions, as well as his present partner. And while their names were in every one's mouth and their wealth the nine days' wonder of the year, Mr. Stander, with as much or more than any of them, remained quietly at home.

Antone P. Stander was born June 15, 1867, in the Province of Unterkrain, District of Little, in Austria. At the age of twenty he left his native home and landed in New York City with \$1.75 in his pocket. Unable to speak one word of English and totally unacquainted, he resolutely set out to find employment, and journeyed on foot half way across the continent to Johnston, O. From there he went to Brown's Park, Col.

Herding sheep, rounding up cattle and digging coal, he put in his time for several years picking up dollars and acquiring an education. That he has picked up many dollars every one knows, and it is greatly to his credit to say that he is more than ordinarily well educated at the present time, and speaks the English language fluently and with little foreign accent.

The Stander residence in the Klondike is a neat log cabin on the side of the snow-shrouded Eldorado hills overlooking his little garden patch of gold.

On the dumps there is a perfect glisten of gold in the sand and gravel, and in places it seems almost as plentiful as the sand. There is a strong force of men working on the claims, and this year's clean-up will amount to \$1,000,000.

At one time Mr. Stander was offered a million and a half dollars for his holdings on Eldorado, but he very wisely refused, for after extracting the sum from these claims by the present mode of working, claims by the improved modern machinery will take out as much or more from the gravel now supposed to be worked out.

It was while he was still poor that he first met Miss Violet Raymond, the actress, and, dressed as he was in the rough garb of the country and with few dollars in his pockets, his suit did not progress as rapidly as it might, for she was the undisputed belle of the camp, and could number her admirers by the score.

It was after the Summer's wash-up in 1897 that he made the master stroke of buying up all the diamonds in the camp and presenting them to his lady love. This proved that his judgment of woman's weakness was good, and from that time on he led in the race for beauty, and soon the day was set.

Mr. Stander has already presented his fiancée with \$100,000 in dust, to say nothing of such little things as a lady's bouquet of old-fashioned flowers.

They will spend their honeymoon in the Orient, visiting Japan and China, and will return to make a trip to Paris to the Exposition.



EL DORADO MINE WHERE STANDER MADE HIS MONEY IN THE KLONDIKE.

MRS. ANTONE STANDER
SAN FRANCISCO
SOCIETY QUEEN.

MRS. STANDER
AS WIFE OF KLONDIKE
MINER.